

Lest We Forget

by Dearing

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Summary: While attending a Remembrance Sunday with Kelly087, Daniel068 considers the day of commemoration, and what it means in his day and age. Written for Remembrance Day or Veterans' Day depending on where you are.

Lest We Forget

If this is historicily inaccurate, please tell me, and I'll ratify it.

I guess you could call this more of my Spartan musings (See my other Halo fic, A Man Named John) or the world from a Spartan's prospective. I'm using my original character Spartan Daniel-068 because he's easier to write then John (Because he's my character I guess.)

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****LEST WE FORGET****

Silence.

As the last few notes of The Last Post echo around the immense Cathedral's high vaulted ceiling, that's all there is, just pure quiet as several hundred men and women bow their heads in thought and remembrance.

It's an ancient tradition, one that has spanned centuries, dating back to the First World War, but one that is still held, every year on the second Sunday of November. Even the two minute silence of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month still holds true, even though no

one is left from the conflict that began the tradition.

But as I glance at Kelly beside me, dressed in formal uniform, her head bowed and hands gingerly folded on her lap, I remember that we of all people should know the importance of remembrance.

As Spartans, I like to think we understand it better than others.

When the Spartan-II project began, there were a hundred and fifty of us. At the end of training seven years ago, there were only thirty three. Even now though, that numbers starting to shrink.

Brothers and sisters in arms, like Sam and Catherine, who gave their lives in the line of duty against the Covenant scum, were never given the proper burials and respect they deserved.

You see, A Spartan is never listed as KIA, and even when listed as MIA, their real names are never listed. It's always Spartan-008 or Spartan-058 on the lists. The only people who ever truly know about the true status of a Spartan is Doctor Halsey or another Spartan. We are the only ones who can truly remember our fallen brethren.

But stillâ€¦we're not the only ones to lose those we hold dear.

Seven years into this war with The Covenant, and already millions of lives have been lost, mostly due to the Glassing of worlds.

Ordinary civiliansâ€¦dead just like that.

And then there are the marines. Brave men and women fighting bravely to the last. Spartans may be the driving force behind the UNSC, but I'd swear on my life that the regular officers and crew are far braver than we are. They don't have any of the fancy upgrades and armour Spartans do, but they still fight on, most of them knowing that they may not see tomorrow.

Even now, somewhere out in the cosmos the fighting continues, even now people are dying just so Humanity can survive.

The silence comes to an end as somewhere the sound of Reveille is played.

Everyone stands in unison as the giant organ begins to play a rousing hymn, Kelly one of last to rise with my aid due to her wounded leg.

All these people, we all stand together, all of us remembering the sacrifices men and women of the ages have given so that we may attain peace. Not just in these big wars, but the little ones too. The constant battles with the United Rebel Front, even the battles long ago like the Rainforest Wars and the Jovian Moons Campaign. We should remember all who gave their lives in the name of freedom.

The hymn ends, but we remain standing as Lord Hood steps into the Central Aisle at the Crossing, his hat tucked under his arm as he holds up a piece of paper, reading aloud:

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eyes, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.
They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

—

I allow myself a small smile as the congregation (And Hood) returns to their seats, my gaze turning to my companion as she smoothes out the creases of her uniform's dress.

Slowly, I gently take one hand in hers, our fingers interlacing as the Vicar stands to give a reading from the bible at the Lectern.

Had I done this on any other day, I know Kelly would of flinched and made to move away (We spend so much time in MJOLNIR, the touch of naked skin, even if it's just a hand, is kind of uncomfortable for us). But today was different. Today she allows a small private smile to grace her features, her hand gently squeezing my own as we continue to watch the service play out.

For we both know this is a time of remembrance. A time to remember all those who have given their lives to insure that we who are left may continue to live—and to continue the fight in the name of those that have fallen until peace is finally attained.

Lest we forget.

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>Good, bad? Let me know please. <div>

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